

Black-ey'd SUSAN,

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part I. Black-ey'd Sufan's parting
with her Sweet-heart William.

Part II. Sweet William's Return to
his Black ey'd Sufan; who for
sometime was unknown to her.

Part III. The right and true An-
swer to Black-ey'd Sufan.

Part IV. SUSAN'S LOYALTY.

To which is added,

The FLOWERS of the FOREST.



Entered according to Order,



BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

When in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 the streamers waving in the wind,
 Then Black-ey'd Susan came on board.

O! where shall I my true love find!
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William, if my sweet William,
 sails among the crew.

William who high upon the yard,
 rock'd with the billows to and fro:
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 he sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cords slide gently thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning, and quick as light'ning,
 on the deck he stands.

As the sweet lark, high poised in the air,
 shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 then dropt at once into her nest:
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's, might envy William's
 lips, those kisses sweet.

Oh! Susan! Susan! my lovely dear,
 my vows shall ever more remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 we only part to meet again:
 Change as ye list ye winds, my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass, the faithful compass,
 that still points to thee.

Believe not what the land-men say,
 who tempt with doubt thy constant mind,
 They'll tell the sailors when away,
 in every port a mistress find:
 Yet sure believe them, when they tell you so,
 For thou art with me, for thou art with me,
 wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's spicey gale,
thy skin 'tis as the iv'ry so white;
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul, wakes in my soul,
some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battles call me from thy arms,
William shall to his dear return.
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harm,
my pretty Susan do not mourn.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears, left precious tears,
should drop from Susan's eye.

The boat-swain gave the dreadful word,
the sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay on board,
they kiss'd, he sigh'd, and hung his head:
Her lessning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries; adieu, she cries,
and wav'd her lily hand.

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William's Return to Black Ey'd Sufan.

AS through a grove I took my way,
Sweet recreation for to take,
A charming maiden fair and gay,
For her true love sad moan did make,
In a sweet bower, near a pleasant green,
Drest like a goddess, drest like a goddess,
Or some beauteous queen.

To this poor maid with sorrow fill'd,
I went to ease her of her smart,
But when my person she beheld,
She said, kind sir, I pray depart!
What business have you here to trouble me!
Or to be scoffing, or to be scoffing
at my misery.

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
 why should I make a scoff of thee,
 I do perceive you are in love,
 and I could wish it were with me:
 Sweet lovely creature, tell me but your name,
 For your sweet charms, for your sweet charms,
 my senses do enflame.

Susan, that is my name, said she,
 who am oppress'd with grief and woe;
 My dearest love is gone to sea,
 but where he is I do not know:
 My Jewels absence fills my heart with tears,
 I have not seen him, I have not seen him
 these five long years.

Dear mistress Susan, I protest,
 I think I know this same young man,
 Has he not a mole upon his breast!
 likewise his name is William Lamb:
 And if he be the same I'll tell you plain,
 That all your sighs, that all your sighs
 and tears, are spent in vain.

That is the man who is my dear,
 pretty Susan did reply,
 You make me tremble for to hear,
 of my love's inconstancy,
 But surely such a thing can never be,
 For he admires, for he admires
 none alive but me.

That's your mistake, sweet charming fair,
 for I will let you understand,
 William is married, I declare,
 to a young maid in New England:
 And he is rais'd to a high degree,
 Therefore forget him, therefore forget him,
 since he is false to thee.

If this be true that ye have said,
 then all my joys are laid aside;

I am a poor distressed maid,
 no other shall make me a bride,
 Since he is false, a maid I'll live and die,
 But still my heart, but still my heart
 does in his bosom lie.

All happiness attend my dear,
 where'er he goes by land or sea ;
 My love to him is still sincere,
 tho' he has prov'd so false to me :
 Yet let sweet William use me as he will,
 I cannot chuse, I cannot chuse
 but love sweet William still.

I could be glad with all my heart,
 to see sweet William once again ;
 Then I my mind would soon impart,
 to him who breaks my heart in twain,
 And she who is his bride I love her too,
 Though he is false, though he is false,
 my love to him is true.

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The Right and True ANSWER.

WHere as my sweet William, where is my dear ?
 tofs'd on the billows to and fro,
 Sometimes as high as mountain-tops,
 then sinking on the waves below.
 Thus like my troubled heart the ship did move,
 And like my wand'ring, and like my wand'ring
 fancy it doth rove.

Sometimes in silent sleep I see,
 the ship with full spread sails come,
 With water-men so neat and trim,
 for to convoy me safe to him :
 Come hail the ship, ye sailors tell to me,
 If my sweet William, if my sweet William
 now alive may be.

Then I do see him swiftly fly,
 for to receive me in his arms,
 Susan, / says he, welcome on board,
 I do admire thy beauteous charms:
 A thousand kisses on me does bestow,
 While the ship softly, while the ship softly
 is going to and fro.

Millions of raptures I enjoy,
 fair Helen with all her beauty bright,
 By Paris could not be admired more,
 than I by William my heart's delight:
 But when I awake, like Rosamond fair I see,
 Love's but a fable, love's but a fable,
 all my comforts flee.

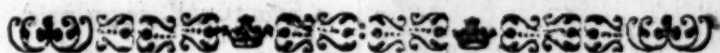
How does my heart thus panting ly,
 when I do find it but a dream;
 William is on the ocean wide,
 not by his Susan to be seen.
 Oh Neptune! pray be kind unto my dear,
 Quickly convoy him, quickly convoy him
 my soul to cheer.

Boreas instead of blustering storms,
 breath out a sweet and pleasant gale,
 That swiftly o'er the purling streams,
 my dearest love may safely fail:
 You Mermaids with your harmony sweet,
 Charm my my sweet William, charm my sweet William
 to his silent sleep.

And when they to the harbour come,
 winds whisper gently in mine ear:
 Like unto light'ning I would fly,
 William, thy constant heart to cheer,
 The boats so willing row'd to the ship side,
 Calling sweet William, calling sweet William
 to receive his bride.

Into my arms he straight would fly,
 saying, Why doth my love complain?

Though I have been absent many a long day,
 yet have I returned to thee again.
 I am thy William, join'd to thee by oath,
 Nothing but death, nothing but death
 shall ever part us both.



S U S A N ' S L O Y A L T Y .

SEEING his Susan's loyalty,
 tears down his cheeks did drop amain;
 My dear behold on my right breast,
 you know there grows a mole certain:
 This plainly shows that I am he,
 Who left thee weeping, who left thee weeping
 and went to sea.

I am William Lamb thy only dear,
 come view my face, love, and behold!
 Let not thy heart be sore oppress'd,
 there is the broken piece of gold,
 Which he did break upon a certain day,
 When we did part, when we did part,
 and I failed away.

Sorrow and hardship I went through,
 while I was on the raging main,
 Now to my dear beloved Sue,
 I am returned safe again:
 No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
 But live at pleasure, but live at pleasure
 with my loving bride.

Susan into a swoon did faint
 at William's feet, I do declare,
 Soon he reviv'd his charming faint,
 there was a jovial happy pair;
 William and Susan sweetly past along,
 To Plymouth church, to Plymouth church,
 where multitudes did throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
 and twenty maids in rich attire,
 A glorious sight for to behold,
 music play'd sweet to their desire:
 To 'commodate the bride and bridegroom there,
 Now they are join'd, now they are join'd,
 a sweet and happy pair.

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The FLOWERS of the FOREST.

To its own Proper Tune.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling:
 I've felt all her favours, and found them decay,
 So sweet was the blessing,
 So fond the caressing:

But now they are faded, and fled far away.

I've seen the Forest, adorned the foremost,
 With flow'rs of the fairest, so pleasant and gay:
 So bonny was their blooming,
 With sweets the air perfuming:

But now they are with'ered, and faded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempests storming before the middle-day,
 I have seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams:

Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on it's way.

Ah! fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting!
 Why thus so perplex us, poor sons of the day?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me:
 For the flowers of the forest are fled far away.

F I N I S.